

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 317.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1860.

PRICE 1½d.

THE MAUSOLEUM MARBLES.

ENGLAND seems destined to become the depository of the relics of the grandeur of the departed empires of the world. Already exceedingly rich in the possession of the artistic glories of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, Xanthus, and Carthage, our national museum could boast a finer collection of antiquities than the rest of Europe combined. The labours of Elgin, Fellowes, Davis, and Layard have now been crowned by Mr Newton, who has succeeded in bringing safe to London the invaluable remains of that famous wonder of the world which lived but in a name, that celebrated embodiment of a wife's love and a queen's pride, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, which, after an existence of centuries, had succumbed to some unknown power, and apparently 'left not a rack behind.'

Before entering upon a rehearsal of the results of the successful excavations at Budrum, by which these treasures of ancient art have been acquired, a brief history of the circumstances in which the Mausoleum originated may not prove uninteresting.

Caria, a Dorian colony on the south coast of Asia Minor, after succumbing to Cressus the Lydian, became, on his defeat by Cyrus the Great, a dependency of the Persian empire, although still governed by its own laws, and ruled by its native princes. When Mausolus, the eldest son of Hecatomnus, ascended the throne, Sparta, Athens, and Thebes were contending for predominance in Greece, and preparing the way for Macedonian supremacy; Persia was struggling with revolted Egypt, and youthful Rome resisting the assaults of Volscians, Etruscans, and Gauls. Comparatively free from the disturbing influences of war, the kingdoms and republics of Asia Minor grew in wealth and importance. The new monarch of Caria was ambitious of founding a powerful maritime state. In person, tall and handsome, Mausolus was as daring in battle as he was astute in his policy, and unscrupulous in carrying it out. He forced the Lydians to pay him tribute, conquered a portion of Ionia, and compelled Rhodes to acknowledge his superior power. He took part in the conspiracy of the satraps against Artaxerxes, and assisted the enemies of Athens in the Social War with equal impunity.

Mylasa, an inland city, was the capital of the kingdom; but struck with the natural advantages possessed by the birthplace of Herodotus, Mausolus transferred the seat of government to Halicarnassus, and concentrated all his energies upon making it worthy its destiny. He rebuilt the half-ruined city, crowned the surrounding heights with defences, and rendered the

harbour safe and commodious. The latter was in the shape of a horseshoe; from the water's edge, the town rose in terraces, presenting the appearance of a vast amphitheatre flanked by volcanic hills, from which the walls descended to the sea. Upon a rocky eminence stood the magnificent palace of the king, commanding a view of the forum, haven, and the entire circuit of fortifications.

In this palace, in the year 353, after a prosperous reign of twenty-four years, Mausolus died, and Artemisia, his sister-wife, reigned in his stead. Her first care was to celebrate the obsequies of her husband with great ceremonies and solemnities. Poetical and rhetorical contests took place, in which Theodectes obtained the crown for his tragedy of *Mausolus*, and Theopompus carried off the oratorical prize from his great master Isocrates. Having buried Mausolus, Artemisia resolved to honour his memory by the erection of a monument such as the world had never seen.

Pythius—probably the architect of the Temple of Minerva at Priene—seems to have been the artist selected to carry out the queen's design, assisted by Scopas—the reputed sculptor of the Venus of Milo—Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Leochares, whose colossal statue of Mars stood in the Halicarnassian temple of that deity. Artemisia did not see the completion of her husband's monument, for she survived him but two years. Her successor, apparently, did not care to proceed with it, as we are assured that the artists finished their stupendous work out of love, looking upon its completion as necessary for their own fame and the honour of their art.

Nearly four hundred years afterwards, Pliny saw it in all its glory. According to him, the circumference of the building was about 411 feet; its breadth from north to south, 63 feet; its height, 25 cubits. It was ornamented with six-and-thirty columns. Above the pteron (colonnade) stood a pyramid equal in height to the lower building, and formed of twenty-four steps, gradually tapering towards the summit, which was crowned by a chariot and four horses, executed by Pythius, making the total height of the work no less than 140 feet. This gigantic monumental tomb was so solidly constructed, as to defy for centuries the destroying hand of time. Vitruvius speaks of it as one of the marvels of the world; Martial alludes to its peculiar construction; Lucian extols the beauty of the marble, and the life with which the sculptors had endued it. In the second century, Pausanias declares how greatly the Romans admired it; in the fourth, it is mentioned by Gregory, bishop of Nazianzus; in the tenth, Constantinus Porphyrogenetus speaks of it as still exciting wonder and laudation;

and in the twelfth century, Eustathius declares emphatically, 'It was and is a marvel.' The precise period at which the Mausoleum fell into ruin is uncertain. The probability is, that some time in the two hundred years after Eustathius, it was overthrown by one of those violent earthquakes prevalent in Asia Minor, although the Halicarnassian peninsula had for two thousand years enjoyed an immunity from the dreadful visitations which made such havoc among its neighbours.

After the downfall of the Roman empire, misfortune after misfortune befell the once proud city of the waters, until its very name was forgotten, and its site occupied by a small village called Mesy, depending on the mercy of the pirates roving the neighbouring sea. When the Knights of St John of Jerusalem retreated to Rhodes in the year 1404, they were struck with the military advantages of the place, and took possession of it, and, under the directions of their Great Baili, Henry Schlegelholz, they constructed a citadel or castle out of the ruins around them. In 1472, the Dalmatian Cepio who accompanied the Venetian expedition under Pietro Mocenigo, discerned the remains of the tomb of the Carian king. Eight years afterwards, the castle was repaired at their expense; but the threatened attack of Sultan Solymán in 1522 on the stronghold of the order, was the signal for the utter destruction of the Mausoleum. Sensible that it was a struggle for life or death, and well aware of the importance of the position, a detachment of knights repaired to Mesy to place it in a state of defence. Finding no better stones for burning lime than some marble steps rising in a field near the harbour, they broke them up. In searching for more, they discovered that the building extended wider and deeper, and drew from it not only stones for the kiln, but sufficient for building their fortifications. Having uncovered the greater portion of the edifice, they one afternoon hit upon an opening, down which they scrambled till they found themselves in a beautiful hall, decorated with marble columns, with capitals, bases, architraves, cornices, and friezes in bas-relief. The interstices between the columns were cased with veneers of various-coloured marbles—a Carian invention during the reign of Mausolus—ornamented in harmony with the other parts of the hall, the walls being covered with historical sculptures. After these artistic treasures had been duly admired, they shared the fate of the marble steps. Another entrance was then discovered leading through an ante-chamber into a noble apartment, in which stood a sarcophagus, with its white marble vase. For want of time, they did not stay to uncover it, but returned for that purpose next morning, when they found the place strewn with pieces of golden cloth and fragments of ornaments. Some of the corsairs ever hovering round the place had been before them, and carried off everything of value. Thus the shrine immortalised by the love and pride of Artemisia was desecrated by the petty robbers of the isles, and the regal relics of the Carian dynasty scattered to the winds, after remaining undisturbed for eighteen centuries.

Solymán expelled the Knights of St John from Rhodes, and finally from Asia altogether. The Turks built Budrum on the remains of the Carian city; the sea cast its sands on the shore; and the rain washed down the earth from the hills, obliterating one by one the ancient landmarks, till the very site of the Mausoleum was a subject of mystery and dispute.

Thevenot, who visited Budrum in the middle of the seventeenth century, noticed some lions' heads and sculptured marble slabs inserted in the walls of the citadel, of which Dalton, a hundred years later, made drawings. They also attracted the attention of Gouffier, Moul, Beaufort, Von Osten, and Hamilton, but the jealous fears of the Turks seldom allowed any traveller to enter the interior of the castle. The

Prussian professor, Ross, after seeing them in 1844, solicited his government to obtain possession of the slabs, as undoubted relics of the tomb of Mausolus; but our own archaeologists had anticipated him, and by their representations, induced Lord Palmerston to forward such instructions to Sir Stratford Canning, that that ambassador procured a firman from the Porte authorising the removal of the bas-reliefs, which were accordingly deposited in the British Museum in 1846, together with a cast from a similar slab discovered by Madame Schaffhausen in the pavilion of the Villa Negroni, Genoa. The interest excited by these marbles revived the question as to the position of the Mausoleum. Ross was of opinion that it stood on a platform just north of the harbour, between the two hills once crowned by the ancient citadels; while Captain Spratt, after a careful examination of the neighbourhood, decided in favour of a lower position, due north from the castle, and east of the harbour. Neither of these sites was exactly reconcilable with the accounts of Pliny and Vitruvius; and Mr Charles Newton—who had never visited Budrum—clinging to their veracity, rejected the decisions both of Ross and Spratt, and in a paper in the *Classical Museum* for 1848, fixed upon a spot the surroundings of which had been so filled up by alluvial deposits that no traces of a terrace or platform were discernible. So the matter rested until 1856, when Mr Newton was appointed vice-consul at Mitylene, and authorised to carry out excavations on a large scale at Budrum, three of her Majesty's ships being placed at his service, and every facility afforded him for bringing his labours to a successful issue.

The first results of Mr Newton's operations were interesting, although not bearing upon their grand object: they consisted of an immense number of terracotta figures and red unglazed Roman lamps, apparently assorted as for sale, a block of stone with a dedicatory inscription to Demeter and Persephone, a nearly perfect mosaic pavement of Roman and Grecian tiles, and the torso of a life-size statue of a dancing-girl in rapid motion, more remarkable for boldness than grace, resembling the figures on the Harpagian monument among the Xanthian marbles. Prevented by the covetousness of the Turkish proprietors from proceeding with the excavation of Ross's platform, Mr Newton turned his attention to another quarter, and after two days' digging discovered, on the very spot pointed out by him ten years before, portions of a frieze, a number of architectural ornaments, the forepart of a horse, and part of a colossal lion, exactly like those taken from the castle walls. There could be little doubt that the long-lost site was found, and proceeding with the work, he came upon pieces of Ionic columns, and the body of a colossal sitting figure. Close to this lay the remains of an equestrian statue, a noble specimen of Greek colossal sculpture. The horse is rearing. Its treatment exhibits great anatomical knowledge; the lower portion only of the rider's body is preserved; he is clad in Persian trousers; the hand with which he pulls back the animal is coarse, distinct, and bony, with every vein marked. The body of a dog in high relief, and various fragments of lions, were the next acquisitions; some of the latter have, after a severance of four hundred years, been reunited to the bodies which had done duty in the citadel.

The foundations of the building were soon reached, and the area discovered to be a parallelogram measuring 100 by 126 feet, cut out of the natural rock; the interstices occasioned by the deficiencies in the rock being filled with oblong blocks of stone fixed with iron clamps, and the whole quadrangle paved with greenstone. Under an accumulation of soil on the western side was found a staircase of twelve steps, cut out of the rock, leading from the Theatre hill to the Mausoleum. Between these stairs and the side of the quadrangle, among terra-cotta fragments and

the bones of sacrificial oxen, lay several large and beautiful alabaster ointment jars, the finest bearing two inscriptions, one in the cuneiform character, the other in hieroglyphics, rendered by Sir H. Rawlinson into 'Xerxes the Great King'—a memorial, maybe, of Artemisia's having saved that monarch's children after the disaster of Salamis. In front of the spot on which this vase lay, the tomb was closed by a large stone weighing at least ten tons, grooved at the sides, and fixed into its place by bronze bolts inserted in sockets of the same metal, let into marble slabs. It must have been into this apartment that the knights penetrated in 1522.

On the eastern side were dug up the torso of a seated female, a portion of another colossal female, and four slabs of a frieze delineating Greeks and Amazons in conflict, but much superior in style and execution to those previously discovered, which, combined with the situation in which they lay, supplies reason for attributing them to Scopas. The figures have not the slowness noticeable in the better known slabs, while the action is less theatrical, and the subjects treated with great boldness and originality. There is one splendid group. A Greek is attacking an Amazon, who bends backward, preparatory to dealing a tremendous blow with her battle-axe; her tunic has slipped, and leaves bosom, neck, and thighs uncovered. Indeed, the clever management of the drapery is a characteristic of all the Mausoleum sculptures.

These treasures, valuable as they are, sink into insignificance by the side of the wonders brought to light in excavating to the north of the Mausoleum. Beyond the apparent boundary of the building, a wall of white marble ran parallel to it; beyond this wall, under a mass of broken marble, was discovered a colossal horse in two pieces (since, however, ascertained to be portions of two separate animals), exceeding in size any Greek sculpture known. The bronze bit is still between the teeth. These are two of the four horses belonging to the chariot, the work of Pythius, and worthy of the best period of Grecian art, the treatment being broad, natural, and masterly. Beside the horses lay a colossal lion, with the tongue chiselled to represent the prickly surface. Mr Newton was now on rich ground: within a space of fifty feet by twenty, lay piled upon one another, as they had fallen centuries ago, the finest sculptures of this wonder of the world. The two most important among them were mere fragments of marble; but every splinter was carefully collected, and by the skill of Mr Westmacott and his assistants, they have been reconstructed—the statue of Mausolus himself from no less than seventy-two pieces! This now only wants the back of the head, the arms, and one foot. The whole conception is simple, yet grand. The Carian king stands in a dignified attitude; he wears a tunic and cloak, the former falling in continuous folds to the right hip; the heavy cloak descending from the left shoulder, down the back, to the right hip, crosses the chest, and is gathered under the left arm, forming a study in drapery from which the greatest living artists may learn something. The face is handsome and intelligent; the hair rises from the middle of the low forehead, falling in long curls over the ears; the moustache is full, and the beard short. This, the oldest Greek portrait-statue extant, exhibits a skilful combination of the real and ideal, and is indeed a most noble work. Its female companion is worthy of it; unfortunately, the head is missing. She is represented standing completely draped, with the exception of the arms and right foot; her right arm bends down towards her thigh, the raised left supporting her cloak, which covers the greater portion of the figure, the under-dress being visible over the bosom and round the ankles. More than 150 feet distant from the chariot-horse, Mr Newton discovered half the nave, a piece of a spoke, and part of the outer

circle of one of the chariot-wheels, from which the force with which the *quadriga* was thrown from its proud pre-eminence may be judged. Among the treasures found near the statue of Mausolus were a colossal leopard, evidently originally joined to some other figure, a beautiful colossal female head, a male head, and some more lions. Here also lay the squared marble blocks forming the steps of the pyramid on which the chariot stood. They are of a uniform depth of 11½ inches, 2 and 3 feet in breadth, and of various lengths, but averaging four feet. One part of the upper side is polished, that which would be covered by the step above, only rough cut; the upper side of each block has one flange about six inches broad at the back, running the whole length of the stone, and two smaller ones at right angles to it along the ends; each of the latter has one side cut flush with the end of the stone, presenting a section similar to half of a Gothic arch, forming a sort of roof to protect the joints from rain. The large flange fitted into a longitudinal groove on the under side of the step above, a smaller transverse groove receiving the lesser flanges, so placed that one joint never fell above another: the stones were fastened together with strong copper clamps.

We have enumerated all the more important results of these interesting researches. Of the thirty-six Ionic columns mentioned by Pliny, the capitals of three only have been recovered in a perfect state; but fragments of every member of the order of the Mausoleum have come to light, by which their dimensions have been fixed, and the veracity of the ancient writers, as usual, vindicated. As bearing on the much-debated question respecting colouring statues, we may mention that all the architectural and sculptural decorations of the Mausoleum were painted; but the action of the atmosphere soon removed the evidences of the Greek practice of marble colouring. Beyond certain initials on some of the lions, not a solitary inscription was found on any remains belonging to the monument.

Lieutenant Smith, who accompanied Mr Newton, has made elaborate calculations, from which the dimensions of the various parts of the building may be pretty accurately deduced. The statue of Mausolus is 9 feet 9 inches in height; from the tread of the chariot—allowing for the marble block on which the chariot stood—to the summit of the supporting pyramid was 4½ feet; the total height of the colossal group being, therefore, 14½ feet; while the platform on which it stood could not have measured less than 24 feet by 18. The length of the pyramid would be 108, its width, 86, and its height, 23½ feet—making just 3 inches in excess of the elevation given by Pliny for the quadriga and pyramid united. He states that the pteron or colonnade was of the same height; the remains of its columns corroborate him, so that but 65 feet of his total of 140 remain unappropriated. There can be little question, from the example of the Mylasa monument, that the pteron stood upon a high and solid marble basement, that of the Mausoleum being decorated with one, and in all likelihood two rows of bas-reliefs. The spaces between the thirty-six columns would supply appropriate positions for the various colossal figures; but by what means the enormous dead-weight of the novel pyramid was safely upheld on the pteron must ever remain a mystery—an unsolvable riddle for sculptors and architects, who have rejected Lieutenant Smith's idea of a pointed supporting vault as untenable.

The effect of this splendid monumental mass, with its solid basement, its superb friezes, its graceful columns, its wondrous statues, with its white marble pyramid crowned with the majestic charioteer, rising from the rock-built terrace, and towering over the beautiful city, with the blue sky overhead, and the volcanic hills for a background, must have been something approaching the sublime: even now we cannot

but regret that she, to whose affection it owed its birth, was denied the sight of its completed beauty.

It is much to be desired that these priceless relics of antiquity were more fittingly housed than in the ugly glass-sheds which at present shelter them. Scarcely ten years have elapsed since the British Museum was completed, and already there is not a single department, save Mr Panizzi's, that is not a cribbed, cabined, and confined. The Natural History collection is too crowded to be examined with any profit; the prints are, to all practical intents and purposes, buried; mineralogical specimens hidden away in drawers, while the cellars are overflowing with antiquities. Unless it is to degenerate into a gigantic curiosity-shop, it is high time something was done to remedy the evil, and we rejoice to hear that the trustees are about to bestir themselves energetically in the matter, and trust they may be enabled before long to render justice to the treasures of our national museum.

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD, AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER IX.—THE CHAT.

THERE is nothing in this world in the way of conversation that young ladies delight in more than in that mystic matter 'a chat;' by which is meant not a mere *tête-à-tête* affair that may take place between acquaintances in a drawing-room, but a cozy talk between two bosom school-friends—eternal friends, as they seem to one another—with their 'back-hairs' let down, their pretty little feet resting upon the fender of the bedroom fireplace, and nothing but the dreamy noise of the brushes upon their silken tresses to intercept their very considerable flow of words. In after-life, when married, and each with a newly-arrived baby of her own, their conversation may be, under the like circumstances, as mutually interesting; but there will then be a suspicion of the other's affecting a superiority—not as regards herself, but with respect to the size, colour, or natural intelligence of her own infant, which will detract from their otherwise perfect happiness. There may, therefore, be said to be *nothing*, in all the diversified bliss of female colloquy, equal to the chat held by two young virgins in *deshabillé*, previous to their retirement to their common couch. If one of them is engaged to be married, and the other not, the latter will often not only be no less friendly in her manner, but will interest herself in the appearance, virtues, and future prospects of the intended in a way that would certainly put the friendship of man and man to the blush. Jonathan never could have borne with David in his tremendous narrations of the charms of his numerous beloved objects, and far less have helped him in the description of them. Damon would have cursed Pythias in his heart if he had enlarged to him confidentially upon the merits of the future Mrs P. But women are differently constituted in this respect, and are either in reality more unselfish, while they applaud their beloved Lucy's Mr Jones, or picture to themselves the coming man, and dilate, in reality, all the time, upon the ideal qualities of some Mr Jones of their own. There is no doubt, indeed, that such praising of other people's property must, even to their angelic natures, be a little trying; and therefore—since, if they are *both* engaged, the same rivalry occurs as when they have babies—the 'chat,' proper and perfect, may be defined as a midnight conversation under cozy circumstances between two affectionate young ladies who are unengaged: of course, there is one of them, at least, 'in love,' but that only gives a filip to the 'chat,' as affording the ground for a little agreeable railery.

Imagine, then, the satisfaction of the sisters, Florence and Ellen Bateman, in their warm and pretty dressing-gowns, before a comfortable bedroom fire, some thirty minutes or so after they have been 'hinted' out of the drawing-room at Teesdale How. The younger betrays in her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes the delight she feels, for is there not, in addition to the usual elements of 'a chat,' a regular domestic 'row' to talk about? Her hair is lying where no pupil—and, indeed, no *eye*, save her sister's—ever saw it, namely, on her lap; hiding her delicate ears in its cloven fall, and rippling all about her 'loose jacket' in a manner enchanting to behold, but such as this pen is far too bashful to describe. The brush—that hideous object in the hands of Man, endeavouring with two huge specimens of it to effect a parting at the back of his head—is as charming and appropriate in her lily fingers as ever was looking-glass in mermaidens; and now she draws the rough side slowly through the golden threads, and now she rubs, nay, scratches thoughtfully, the tip of her nose with the smooth side.

'Come, Florry,' cried she pathetically, 'when *will* you have done with that dressing-table? I haven't said a word yet, according to my promise, although I'm dying to hear what you think about it all. How grave you look! You don't think Mr Luders will murder anybody, do you? *You hope not!* Goodness gracious, of course you do; but if you *think* so, don't you think that we ought to tell papa?'

Florence shook her head sorrowfully as she replied: 'Papa will know all that is to be known soon enough. Oh, Nelly dear, we are going to hear dreadful news!'

'Florence,' exclaimed the younger sister, changing colour, 'what do you mean? What is going to happen? and why are you standing there as if nothing can be done?'

'Nothing *can* be done, alas, or at least not now, my love,' returned the other; 'nor do I apprehend further harm; but oh, sister, sister!'—she took the chair beside Ellen's, and sat down, looking into the fire with an expression wonderfully foreign to any that is proper to 'a chat.'—'I wish that dreadful man had never come to Teesdale How.'

'That Mr Luders, you mean! Yes, horrid Pup! I wish papa would let us choose his pupils for him. We would keep Mr Ryder, though; would we not?' added she roughly; 'we would keep our pattern young man, Florry.'

Florence smiled but feebly, and shook her head so deprecatingly, that the long black tresses waved like some Danish raven-banner over a beautiful but not unthreatened champagne. 'I cannot think of any one just now,' said she, 'save Mr Luders, and—and'—

'Oh, there's another agreeable young person also in the matter, is there?' exclaimed Ellen, 'and we can't get his name out, can't we? Dear me, we must be very far gone;' and the thoughtless, charming young creature laughed as merry a laugh as though she had not been close upon tears ten minutes before. 'Now, look you,' continued she, holding up a dainty finger in her sister's smileless countenance, 'I won't be frightened again, so don't you try it. Mr Luders was in a very bad temper to-night, and I think he had just a little too much to drink, besides; but that was all.'

'That was not all,' returned her sister slowly. 'He had a very good cause—or a very strong one, at least—for the anger which he exhibited.'

'Good cause! strong cause? What, for putting himself into such a dreadful passion that he made me scream! My dear Florry, what *do* you mean?'

'If you had done something very, very wicked, Ellen, for the consequences of which no reparation could be made, even if you wished to make it, which, however, you did not wish, and if nobody knew or even suspected you to have done it, and if the blame

was laid upon innocent shoulders instead of yours, would you not be angry, think you, with the person who was, at last, even the unwitting cause of your criminality being discovered?

'Bless me, Florence, what dreadful things you do say sometimes! The idea of supposing one's self all that just for the sake of argument! No, I don't think I should have been angry in such a case. I think I should have been glad to have got the horrid secret told, and to be no more living a life of hypocrisy as well as of crime. But, thanking you all the same, Florence, love, I don't flatter myself with the notion of being capable of any such very tremendous crime as you seem to have in your mind.'

Florence embraced her sister affectionately, by way of assuring her that she did not think that either, and then continued: 'A bad and godless man thinks differently, Ellen. I may be wrong, and if so, Heaven pardon me, but I do believe as surely as that you and I are now sitting here, that Mr Luders is the wretch who has lured away poor Phoebe Rothwaite.'

'Impossible!' ejaculated Ellen. 'I have often thought him wicked enough; but he has never left us, even for a day, all through the holidays. It is quite impossible.'

'I thought so, too,' replied Florence gravely, 'until to-night; but now I feel confident that it was he, and no other. Did you see any likeness in that first picture which Mr Marsden admired so?'

'Why, there was no face at all,' said Ellen; 'the figure had its back to the artist.'

'True, sister; but I recognised that little head, though not on the instant. Do you not recollect how that poor girl wore her beautiful chestnut hair?'

'I see what you mean now,' replied Ellen thoughtfully; 'but such a fancy is not to be trusted; still less, surely, Florence ought it to form the foundation of a charge so serious, so terrible: nay, even if it was poor Phoebe—'

'It *was* she,' returned Florence firmly; 'there is not the slightest doubt of that. I caught a glimpse of the other sketch papa held up, and which Mr Luders snatched from him so furiously. It was Phoebe's portrait: as like as any photograph, and yet so changed, so changed! I should have known it anywhere, and shuddered to have known it, as I do now.'

The dark eyes were riveted on the flame, without a tear, but not unpitifully; there was woman's tenderness, but something of man's endeavour, too, in their still depths. 'O Heaven! that I knew what we ought to do, Ellen; I mean what God would have us to do; perhaps we might save her yet.'

'Poor Phoebe! poor young Phoebe!' sobbed the younger sister; 'I don't see what is to be done, I'm sure. Poor thing! But why—why, Florence, should not Mr—should not that dreadful man have drawn the picture from recollection of her, from imagination?'

'No artist—not the best in Britain—could have done it, as that face was done, except from life.'

'Why, then, did not papa recognise it as well as yourself?'

'He never chanced to see her, I suppose; he never could have seen her, and yet failed to recognise that likeness.'

'But even then,' persisted Ellen, clinging with the pertinacity of weakness to every straw of hope, 'even then, why should not Mr Luders have taken the picture long ago?'

'No, Ellen, no; it is impossible. Even if that deceived, heart-broken Human Ruin, as papa truly called it, could have been taken from so fair a structure as poor Phoebe was—if the artist had striven ever so perversely to make decay of glory—there is testimony still more terrible and sure. There was a date! I saw it as the man held the drawing in his passionate hand; November 28. *That picture, Ellen, was drawn yesterday!*'

CHAPTER X.

LOST ON THE FELS.

On the next morning, except in the more thoughtful looks of the two young ladies—who, however, concealed, as only women can, their indignation and distress—no traces of the overnight disturbance could be read in any countenance at the breakfast-table at Teesdale How. Ryder and Marsden, having quietly slept upon the matter, and been prevented from active hostilities with Luders, were rather inclined to ascribe some of his violence to the cause their tutor had suggested—the West Indian nature of the man; and they became also tardily conscious that it really had been injudicious of them to exhibit to others the private drawings of one who was certainly not their friend.

Mr Onslow Bateman, who had business at Carlisle that day, and could not return till the next evening, was especially desirous to leave his household in mutual amity, and outdid himself in agreeable affability to promote that end. So well did he succeed, that Ryder found himself telling his foe that it was with the intention of asking him to join the Hunt that day, that they had invaded his apartment the preceding evening. A savage scowl settled for an instant upon Luders's face, but his reply was courteous and conciliatory. He would accompany them with pleasure, he said, although he had intended to go elsewhere. Where was the Hunt to be held?

'On the Weirdale Fells,' replied Ryder. 'The running will be stiffish work after the last week's snow. I hope there will be plenty of sweetmarts.'

'And what may a sweetmart be?' inquired Mr Onslow Bateman, who knew as perfectly well as though he had been a professed vermin-killer, but the first law of whose nature was that conversation must by all means be kept up. 'Is it a bird, or a beast, or a butterfly?'

'The sweetmart is a vermin,' replied Marsden, imitating sporting old Michael Rothwaite's pronunciation to the life, 'that is found three times in four in a broken crag, but noo and than in a field, like a tod; and who generally has to be smoked out with bracken. I never saw one, but I believe the word is euphuistic for a polecat.'

'It is a polecat that doesn't smell, however,' explained the more accurate Ryder: 'the other is the foulmart or foamart.'

'This one is therefore elegantly called "sweet" on account of his negative virtues,' observed Mr Onslow Bateman; 'and upon the same principle, there are a considerable number of human sweetmarts. Well, I hope you'll have good sport. But Weirdale is a very long way off, surely; and if more snow comes down, which is now threatening us, you will scarcely find your way.'

'We know every inch of those Fells by this time, sir,' answered Marsden; 'besides, we can see Ladybank from here, which is almost half-way to Weirdale, so that we have really only about four miles of trackless walking.'

'Well,' remarked the Tutor, rising, 'you are not children that you will let the dusk overtake you in such a country. You have promised to return to-night, you know, and if you intend to see much of the sport, you had better be off as soon as possible.'

In an hour from that time, and when it was still early in the morning—for they had risen betimes, on account of Mr Bateman's departure—the three young men and the dog Carlo, who seemed to scent the sport, and would not be denied, were passing the crumbling walls of Ladybank.

'What a dismal-looking ruin it is,' exclaimed Marsden, looking up at it, 'and what an out-of-the-way spot for a human being to build a house in! He must have had the preconcerted purpose of committing

a murder in it, and in that case it must have been convenient enough. I suppose, scarce anybody now sets foot in it from year's end to year's end. The glass is not broken in these two upper windows yet, I see, though the big door has become rather superfluous with those vast gaps on either side of it.'

'I should like to go over the old place,' said Ryder, stopping; 'it would not take us long.'

'I don't think we have any time to lose,' returned Luders; 'it is nearly nine o'clock already.'

'Is it indeed so late?' cried Marsden. 'Then we certainly must push on at once, or we shall miss half the fun. We'll look at the place as we come home again, when it will be getting dusk, and then—though it seems "a bull" to say so—we shall have a much better chance of seeing the ghost.'

'And what is the ghost?' asked Luders carelessly, as he moved on with Marsden, while Ryder reluctantly followed them.

'It is the perturbed spirit,' replied the other with mock solemnity, 'of a departed gentleman—one "limping Lorimer," as he was called from the fact of his having a wooden leg—who committed a murder in that attic yonder, on a certain November night—and if I remember right, it was the 30th, and this very day. Nothing is seen of him, but he brings with him, unlike the sweetmart, a strong odour of highly concentrated sulphur; while his invisible steps are heard going slowly and heavily from that front door to that front attic. Good Heavens!' ejaculated the speaker suddenly, 'did you hear that? Look, the window over the door to the right there has burst open!'

The three young men were standing on the hillside, with the haunted house immediately beneath them; the still glazed lattice of the first-floor window, which had been closed as they passed it, was indeed now open, and swung upon its rusty hinges in the morning air with an eerie sound.

'I'll see to that at once!' cried Ryder, bounding downwards.

'Stop, stop,' ejaculated Luders in a voice whose passionate entreaty arrested the astonished young man at once; 'I entreat you, stop. If you wish that we should be friends henceforward, and not foes, I beg that you will not enter that dreadful house to-day!'

The stony eyes of the speaker seemed to express the extremity of despair; his teeth were clenched, his dark face paled with that pallor which is only born of rage or fear. 'I beg of you both, as a favour,' he resumed, after a little pause, during which his two companions stared at him with a wonder that mingled largely with contempt, 'to go on now to Weirdale, and not hereafter to speak of my foolish conduct. I was born thus; I inherit—Curse that dog,' he cried with sudden impetuosity; 'call him back, call him back, I say, or I'll cut his throat!'

Poor Carlo, who was upon the eve of making a ghost-hunt upon his private account, came back at once, obedient to the voice of Ryder, for he never paid the least attention to that of Luders, who tormented him not seldom; and the latter continued: 'I inherit this terror of ghosts from my dead mother. Pray, excuse me.'

'Of course,' said Marsden pityingly, for constitutionally courageous himself, he knew how to make allowance for others who were not so favoured by nature; 'let us go on at once.'

'Oh, by all means,' assented Ryder coolly, who, it must be confessed, possessed a less charitable disposition in this respect. 'But what a nervous fellow you must be, Luders! afraid of a ghost at nine o'clock in the morning! Why, what precious unpleasant nights you must sometimes pass!'

'I own my weakness in the matter of ghosts,' returned Luders, his tone growing, as it seemed, more defiant as the snow-tracks between them and

Ladybank grew longer; 'but I am not afraid of any mortal man, I trust.'

'I daresay not,' returned Ryder dryly, with an undisguised curl of his lip.

'Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!' quoted Marsden gravely; 'let dogs delight to bark and bite. Harry and Tommy, who were so fond of quarrelling, were at last eaten by sweetmarts.'

Laughter is the death of strife; and a merry word from a third person is often a better suppressor of broils than the smoothest speech, since both combatants can afford to laugh at that which suggests compromise to neither.

It was more than an hour before the three descried far off the men and dogs they were in search of—mere black specks upon the shining mountain-side—and it took them then a weary time to come up with them. The sport was not good, and it was long before they found the particular object of their search, which once started, however, afforded a more literal 'run' than did ever fox in the south country. Hiding among the snowy Fells is, of course, out of the question, and each man has to trust to his own legs. Sometimes, even thus mounted, the hunter finds himself as completely 'pounded' as his brother of Leicester-shire, unable to advance over chasm, or precipice, or treacherous snow-drift, and with nothing for it but to retrace his footsteps—a matter not always very easy. The fatigue is considerable to one who does not shirk his work, and confine himself to some pinnacle loftier than common (and the keen breeze rather discourteous such laziness), wherefrom the whole chase—which is generally of a circular character—can often be observed; but still there is much to repay exertion or endurance. On a clear day—and no others will suffice for fell-hunting—the views in all directions are sublime, which in summer were only gloriously beautiful; while the moving throng immediately around, and the thousand echoes awakened on all sides by dogs and men, give animation to a scene which would else be almost forbidding in its too solitary grandeur.

The Weirdale Fells, on which the hunt was held, although of immense extent, are of no great altitude, and the young men were well acquainted with them under their summer aspect. Then, where they now stood upon the frozen snow, the grass grew green and plentifully enough, gemmed with the glittering sun-dew, and plumed in the marshy hollows with the silver bog-cotton; the July breezes did but lift the hair there and tenderly touch the cheek, making out of the juniper-bushes—now in their little snow-shrouds—Æolian harps, and setting the delicate harebells dancing to the airy tune; then, from the purple heather in the clefts and upon the crag-tops came the monotonous murmur of the bee; from all sides, both above and beneath, the short, quick crop of the browsing sheep; and perhaps from far away in the blue depths of the summer sky the shrill complaint of the buzzard. Then each beck sang merrily in its rocky cradle, after every summer shower, and raced with a hundred kindred streams down to Weirdale beneath, binding with crowns of pearl the brows of the mountain, and glistening like chains of silver from its top to its base. Three tranquil valleys—two, rich with farms and fields—in summer-time reposed beneath these Fells: one, a crescent of pasture-land with one blue tarn, set like a turquoise in an emerald; another, long and winding, with a shining river running through it into an extensive lake at its southern end—the white sails of its fairy fleet might be seen bending low before the wind upon its surface, and even the white furrow that their keels left in the cloven wave; the third valley, Weirdale itself, lay immediately beneath, the most secluded, if not the most fair of all—shut in by hills on all sides, peaceful, green, with here and there a cottage, and one farm. Very different, however, were the scenes which now presented

themselves from this same eminence; and although they had at present but exchanged one kind of beauty for another, there were signs in the air of coming snow and tempest, which threatened soon to make all a chaos of wrath and desolation.

'I think we shall have a ducking before we get home,' remarked Ryder, as the three young men stood together on a hillock with panting chests, while, not altogether to their sorrow, the hounds came to a temporary check: 'the weather looks very dirty, and the day is getting on.'

'I shall not go back, for one,' returned Marsden vehemently, 'until I have had something to eat. Dick Dirleton says he'll give us all dinner in Weirdale, and there will be sure to be some fun going on there afterwards.'

'Afterwards!' cried Ryder; 'why, how are we to get back in the dark?'

'There's a full moon,' said Marsden confidently; 'although, for all he knew, it might have been a new one: 'besides, I know my way blindfold.'

'You can see Teesdale How from the fourth fell yonder,' remarked Luders, 'and you could surely get as far as there.'

'Who can see in the dark, man?' replied Ryder angrily. 'I should have thought you would have been more prudent than to back Marsden in such a mad scheme as this.'

'For myself,' observed Luders dryly, 'I don't care what can be seen, or what can not, for I mean to return home almost immediately. I've had enough of this icy work; but I was going to say that if you two wish it, and mean to stop, I would put the drawing-room lamp, when we go to bed, in the north passage-window, which looks out this way, in case of your being late, and you would see that, however dark it was, and the darker the better.'

'That's capital!' cried Marsden gaily; as delighted, perhaps, with the notion of thus getting rid of his benefactor, as with the proposed benefit itself—'that's capital, and you're a capital fellow. That'll do—will it not, Ryder?'

'Well, it of course makes the thing more feasible,' replied the young man, still hesitatingly; 'but I am rather afraid of your forgetting to put the lamp in the window, Luders.'

'Afraid! are you, then, afraid of something?' sneered the West Indian. 'I thought you were like Nelson, and did not know what fear was.'

Ryder uttered some retort which had more in it of contempt than of wit and elegance, and left the conversation to be concluded by his friend.

'Well,' said Marsden, 'as you are going home at once, and will not much want it, will you lend us your brandy-flask? That has better stuff in it than any we can get in Weirdale.'

'Yes; I let you fellow have it for a drink just now; but I'll get it from him directly.'

Luders did so, and made over the flask to Marsden; a large and handsome silver one, apparently almost full. 'And now,' said he, 'I'm off, so good-bye to you.'

'You'll be sure not to forget the light as soon as it gets late, please?'

'Of course not,' cried Luders, turning round—for he was already upon his homeward way. 'Tell Ryder not to fear.'

'What a last look that villain did give us!' observed Marsden. 'I do believe he has a drop of the Fiend's blood in his veins!'

A mocking laugh, which seemed to go some way to confirm this assertion, rang through the frosty air from the retreating Luders.

'He had better try no devil's tricks on me, however,' quoth Ryder savagely. 'I wish I had never passed my word to the governor not to give him what he deserves.'

'Pooh,' returned Marsden; 'the creature is not

worth a thought. See, the hounds have found again!'

It was near nine o'clock that winter's night when Ryder and Marsden started homewards from the comfortable farmhouse at Weirdale. The heaped-up fire and jovial company were by no means willingly exchanged for the dim uncertain moonlight and howling north wind; but Ryder, one good part of whose stubborn character it was never to break his word, was determined to reach Teesdale How before morning, and Marsden did not wish to receive a second forgiveness at the hands of his tutor.

'Take my advice, young gentlemen, and wait for good honest daylight,' had been Dick Dirleton's parting words as they left his door; but their reply was given in all the spirit of the hero of *Ecclesiast*, albeit it was by no means couched in such poetical language.

The long steep pass that led immediately up from the valley to the Fells was so sheltered by the surrounding precipices, that until they reached its summit, they did not feel the full force of their elemental foes; that once attained, however, the north wind swept down upon them like a charge of cavalry, as though it had been an outpost set there by the Spirits of the air to guard their mountain solitude from human intrusion. Doubtless some mystic rites were being celebrated by the powers of Evil upon Weirdale Fell that night; such screams were on the wind, such wailings as of tortured infants, such rush of vehement pursuit, such passionate threats. No human beings, perhaps, save self-willed, dauntless young Englishmen, would have striven, without a positive necessity to compel them, to force a four-mile passage over the hill-tops against so furious a foe. Nothing, however, was further from the mind of the two travellers than a thought of going back again.

'We shall have no hill-fog to-night, at all events,' cried Marsden laughing, and speaking through a trumpet made of his two hands, and brought close to his companion's ear.

'No, but we shall have something worse,' bawled Ryder, taking a similar precaution; 'we shall have snow: a big flake lit on my nose just now, and there's another.'

'I hope your nose may get the whole of it,' returned Marsden; 'but I am afraid the fall will be more general. By Jove, let us push on; it's coming down like the open-work of one of Mrs Allwyne's strawberry-tarts!'

While he made use of that homely metaphor, the windows of heaven were indeed being set wide, and snowed down, as it seemed, in sharpest diagonals the very diamond reticulations of their casements. In a few seconds, the dull midnight landscape had closed in upon them on all sides; and the travellers, as they shielded their eyes from the driving sleet, could discover—and those but faintly—only each other's whitening forms.

'Keep together, and push on,' roared Ryder in a voice of thunder; 'we know where we are at present, at all events.'

'Yes,' returned Marsden gaily, whose spirits, although rising with the situation, were not quite able to escape from the grim sense of it, 'I remember it well. This is where Rothwaite's uncle was lost in the snow last winter; he was "smooored," as Mr Burns expresses it, in this identical spot. How Burns, by the by, would have enjoyed a scene like this!'

'I wish with all my heart, then, he was here instead of me,' retorted Ryder. 'I don't enjoy it, I can tell you. It's getting darker and darker, and with this snow falling, we shall not be able to see the light, even if Luders puts it where he said he would.'

'If he does? Why, good Heavens, you don't imagine he would risk our lives by not doing so?' cried Marsden in a tone of some alarm.

'I trust the man in nothing,' answered Ryder gloomily; 'and I believe him capable of anything vicious. What a leer was that he wore upon his face at parting! For my part, I felt convinced that he meant to play us false; but I was not going to be called a coward twice by that dog.'

'But it would be murder—an attempt to murder us—nothing less!' argued Marsden gravely. 'If we do not see the light, we shall not know where to steer.'

'Just so,' remarked the other dryly; "'push on" is my motto, as it is Carlo's: good dog, good dog!'

The animal had remained with the two young men in preference to returning with Luders, though he had evidently thought at the time of his departure—and expressed as much by appealing eyes and expostulatory tail—that the latter was the wisest of the three; but now, like a good dog as he was, he was making the best he could of a bad business, and leading the way for his human friends, with nose to ground, in a very diligent manner.

'I can't make out that Luders one bit,' observed Marsden after a long pause; 'though I did not, I confess, dislike him as you did, until quite lately. He knows a lot of things, and is really very agreeable in his way. He is not a pattern in morals or religion, I am aware, but I don't know that I have much right to complain in that respect.'

'He's a bully and a coward,' roared Ryder savagely; 'that's what he is.'

'I am not sure of the last part of that,' returned Marsden; 'that's the very thing I'm puzzled about.'

'What! not a coward, and afraid of ghosts in the broad daylight?'

'I don't believe he *was* afraid,' returned the other gravely; 'I believe he was only shamming to be afraid.'

'Why? What for? For what earthly reason?' demanded the incredulous Ryder.

'I can't tell you that, I am sure,' said Marsden; 'but I am sure it is so. Could he have taken all these drawings of Ladybank, inside and outside, think you, which we found in that sketch-book, if he had been afraid of ghosts there?'

'That is strange, certainly,' remarked Ryder, after a pause. 'I noticed, by my own watch, that he was lying, when he said it was so late this morning, and urged us not to explore Ladybank. I can't understand it: there must be some devilry in connection with that empty house and Luders. The snow is ceasing, but the rest of the night will be quite dark. We must be nearing the last of the Fells by this time, if Carlo has led us right; and we ought to be able to see the lamp, if lamp there really be.'

A sharp cry of intense agony here pierced through the thunder of the wind, and Ryder suddenly missed his companion. Even sooner than he, Carlo had recognised the voice through its disguise of pain, and bounded back. So dark was it, that though Ryder had been only a few steps in advance of his friend, he could scarcely have discovered him but for his canine assistant. Marsden lay groaning on the snow with a twisted ankle. It was no more possible for him to put that foot to the ground, than to use his arms as wings. The other, bending over him, perceived at once the extent of the calamity, and the whole peril of their position, and could not help revealing it in his face.

'Look here, Ryder,' cried Marsden, as he read it written there; 'you leave me where I am. I am plucky now, and bid you go; presently, perhaps, as I grow cold, I shall lose my courage, and want you to commit suicide, because I must die myself. Leave me the dog, if he will stay with me'—Carlo began to whine, and press his cold nose to his friend's cheek, to prove that he would do so—and as soon as you can get help, send it to me.'

'My dear Marsden, you are confounding me with

Luders,' returned the other quietly; 'I shall stay here till I see the light, and then I'll carry'—

'Brandy, brandy!' interrupted Marsden faintly; 'the flask is in my pocket.'

Ryder took the flask from its almost inanimate possessor, and poured the liquid down the throat of his friend, but it did not suffice to revive him. For a few minutes, while Marsden lay speechless in his arms, and the poor dog trembling by his side, it seemed even to this brave young fellow that the thunderous rolling of the wind above them was the Requiem of them all. But presently staring out into the night, he uttered a joyful cry: 'The light, Marsden, I see the light in the window; you shall yet be saved.'

'No light,' murmured the other in a hoarse low voice—'no light, or else he has set it in another place, to mislead us. He is a murderer: he has emptied the strong spirit out, and put snow-water into the bottle in its place.'

Ryder thought the speaker wandered in his wits, until he had tasted the vile contents himself; then, hurling the costly flask away with his utmost strength, he exclaimed: 'Put your arms round my neck, old fellow; we will live yet to pay the villain off; that's well; now, steady; why you're right as any feather. Now, Carlo, off again!'

It really seemed as if the young man's just indignation had given to him the strength of two. Following the dog's sagacious leadership, and yet finding the light straight before them, he took heart, feeling persuaded the lamp must have been set in the place agreed upon. Thus through the ever-darkening night the cavalcade moved on more slowly than any funeral procession; the snow had altogether ceased, and the mighty wind—since their route was now almost at right angles to its first direction—no more blew directly in their teeth; nevertheless, Ryder's strength began to fail under the unusual burden, and his legs to totter like those of a drunken man.

'Let me down,' entreated Marsden; 'you good fellow, please to set me down. We are off the Fells now, and I shall not perish of cold, as I should have done up there.'

'I will take you home,' cried Ryder firmly; but while he spoke, the sweat stood thickly on his forehead, and his failing limbs denied what his tongue asserted.

'Then I speak for myself,' returned Marsden with decision. 'I am suffering tortures, torments, with this motion; I *must* be set down, I say; we are now—for I think I have seen it since this hideous darkness lessened—almost close to Ladybank. There, there is the east wall and entrance as Luders drew them. Let me down here.'

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

Who first suggested that our walls should be the universal medium of mysterious and important announcements to the general public, we must leave it to the honourable guild of Billstickers to tell; but our private impression is, that the idea was plagiarised at a very early period of the world's history from the incident at Belshazzar's feast. Something of the original intention, say Dryasdust and the antiquaries, is, whether designated or not, retained in all our adaptations, and hence it is, perhaps, that there has always been a certain Babylonian obscurity about all mural inscriptions. The Runic writing was a little hard to read. The Egyptian hieroglyphics puzzle everybody except Sir Henry Rawlinson and some half-dozen other gentlemen, who themselves entertain diversities of opinion about them, and sometimes get a little warm over the interpretations. We

are not etymologists by profession, but we have a shrewd suspicion that the term 'wall-eyed' may have arisen from the tenebrosities connected with this subject.

There is (for advertisers) a magnificent piece of churchyard-wall which we have to pass every day of our lives, save one, and on which we rarely fail to find inscribed some food for thought—if not for headache. A gigantic piece of information was placarded there only last week, which might have vied for enigmatical abstruseness with the Nineveh marbles. It consisted of merely three words, but they were printed in red, and white, and blue, and occupied an area of exactly fourteen feet by twenty—**TRAPPSKY IS HERE!** It is, of course, impossible to offer, in this *Journal*, anything like the prominence which was accorded to this mysterious fact upon the wall; but suppose the above statement to be magnified by five thousand times, and you will get some approximate idea of its colossal character. Any man might run and read it, indeed, but twenty men might take camp-stools and sit opposite to it half the day, without understanding it. The late Mr Edgar Poe, who had a genius for the discovery of intricate problems—which, however, he himself first constructed to that end—might have got at it by one of his famous analytical methods, but not you, Reader, by the modest light of nature, nor even We. Yet the whole embarrassment consisted, it will be observed, in the first word. The **IS HERE** did not need the eight feet four inches of aggregate altitude, and the proportionable stoutness, to render its meaning obvious; the entire difficulty lay in the mysterious **TRAPPSKY**.

Who *was* Trappsky? Was he male, female, or epicene? Was he, she, it, to be fled from, or to be welcomed? Was the announcement a warning, or an invitation? From the sound and the disposition of the letters—which were curiously distorted and crooked—it certainly gave, upon the whole, rather a threatening, and, if we may say so, a Cossack impression; it had a lancer look, a Polish appearance, which we did not like; and the worst of it was, that he was **HERE** already, and there was no time to be lost in preparations for escape. We had wives! (We speak editorially, possessing in sober truth, and in obedience to the public prejudice, only one wife.) Goodness gracious! was Trappsky come hither from the far-distant Bosphorus, with a thousand purses of sequins, to tempt us into selling him those beautiful and accomplished females? We had children! Good Heavens! was Trappsky—and he sounded rather like it—some infantine and infanticidal disease? The mural announcements of religious sects are remarkable for their typical occultness, and it struck us that Trappsky might possibly be some obscure emanation of theirs. Was he parabolic for somebody else?—hyperbole, perhaps, for Lucifer himself, so frequent a topic with the fervid *littérateurs* of our walls? No. The religious element was already too fully represented upon that wall, to admit of such a supposition. **COME OUT OF ROME** was printed in appropriate scarlet upon the right hand—a warning, huge as it was, which could scarcely have met the eye of many denizens of that city; on the left hand, the Pope himself, in bilious yellow type, was pretty severely handled; and above and beneath, there were more sermons in bricks of the same denunciatory species. All these, however, were, as usual, of a prophetic and prospective character, and besides, our vision was used to them, while Trappsky spoke fearfully of the present, and we had never seen his singularly constituted name before.

But a few days, however, and Trappsky disappeared—whether having accomplished his mysterious object or not, we know not to this hour—and his place upon the wall knew him no more than we did. **THE BLACKS ARE COMING!** in letters of appropriately

sable hue, was now stuck over him, and again aroused in us new feelings of trepidation and uncertainty. Were the natives of Morocco, intoxicated with their triumphs over the Spaniards, about to invade our beloved country, and in contempt of us infidel dogs, did they send us notice beforehand? Was Allah! Allah! to sound discordantly in our streets, instead of the melodies adapted by Mr Henry Russell to the national voice? Was the Jereed to scatter our gallant volunteers, unaccustomed to encounter that disagreeable weapon, or to be attacked by horsemen riding indifferently upon the backs, or under the bellies, of their Arab steeds? Or was it possible that the newspapers had been deceiving us as regarded the Indian rebellion, and that the victorious sepoys were, in truth, in full march upon us, about to impose the Brahmin yoke upon every denomination of Christians, without distinction of sect or age? Or, lastly, could it be the very insufficiently clothed natives of Australia, who, driven from their own territories by the whites, were about to exact retribution by colonising England, and making our native air to whizz once more with flights of arrows, or (for the first time) of these faithful boomerangs which return, like forgiving females, to the hands that fling them away?

This awful threat was only withdrawn this morning, and has been succeeded by an announcement, of to us, quite as painful a character, although, as far as we know, it is not likely to much affect the public in general—**LOOK OUT FOR MR AND MRS ROBINSON TO-MORROW!** Now, we know this married couple perfectly well, and are quite aware that they never travel with less than four of their children. They are notorious for inviting themselves to spend a few days with their acquaintances, and for stopping several weeks. Mrs Robinson (when she was Miss Leonora Limpet) is said to have gone to luncheon at a rich but timid female friend's, and there to have remained some years until she was married (from the very house in question) to her present husband. The visits of the Robinsons are visitations, inroads, invasions, subjugations, and cost a deal of treasure to the conquered party, who generally obtains immunity at last by ransom. We would send a ten-pound note, as a new-year's gift, to their eldest child (a disgustingly rude boy, whom we detest), along with a letter to say that we were gone out of town, if we only knew their direction—that is to say, the address of the unfortunate friend with whom they are now residing. Perhaps he has taken the roof of his house off, as we had to do once, under pretence of dry-rot, and so got rid of the Robinsons. But the vagueness of this notification prevents our taking any measures for defence. **LOOK OUT FOR MR AND MRS ROBINSON TO-MORROW!** Why, this is a greater piece of impudence than if they had come without any warning at all; or if, as they often do, they had only sent it the day before—although always ante-dating the letter, and laying the blame of non-delivery upon the post-office—so that no reply can be possibly sent in the negative. Look out for them! We believe we shall look out for them; for those two cabs, laden with heavy luggage, looming round the corner of our crescent; for that filthy child with the pea-shooter craning out of window in the prosecution of his dangerous pastime; for that stupid oily face of Robinson's, who will be engaged in counting the boxes and disputing with the cabman, while Mrs Robinson reiterates how glad she is to see us (which we believe), and how ashamed she feels to visit us again so soon (which we don't). We protest we would rather have entertained a Black or two in the servants' hall, or given up our second-best bedroom to Trappsky himself. The wall has now come to its worst, or the worst has come to the wall, and there can be no more fearful news in store for us than this. But to call it a *blank-wall* (save that its intimations offer no prizes), or to call it a *dead-wall* (save that it runs round a

grave-yard), when it is instinct with such mysterious and important facts, is a misapplication of language gross indeed.

MAROCCO.

IN spite of what we had recently read in the public prints regarding the present invasion of innocent Morocco by the Spaniards, we cannot say that we felt any very tender interest in that country. Perhaps it is that, while admitting a Black to be a friend and a brother, we do not feel called upon to acknowledge so much in respect to a Brown; or perhaps the misfortunes of that friend of our boyhood, Mr Robinson Crusoe, in Barbary, may have impressed us with a prejudice against Moors and Moorland which time cannot erase; but certain it is that we accept these interesting posthumous volumes* of the traveller Richardson with the greater satisfaction, since they go far to prove that our own delicate instincts, in the matter of national antipathies, were more to be trusted than the gross organs of political expediency.

Although our diplomatic intercourse with Morocco began so far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, no Englishman has yet been able to travel in the interior of that country without special permission; so that, in spite of its being considerably within a week's sail of us, it is not much less unexplored and unknown than the empire of China. The hatred of the Maroquines to all Europeans was formerly, indeed, a little shaded off and mitigated with respect to Englishmen; but since they beheld British men-of-war looking quietly on while the French destroyed Mogador, they have, it seems, considered 'the Englees' to be as vile dogs as any other Christian folk. The modes and maxims of the court are procrastination, plausible delays, and voluminous dispatches and communications, which are carried on through the hands of intermediate and subordinate agents of every rank and degree. It is the 'Circumlocution Office' with a vengeance; an unapproachable and barbarous emperor being his chief clerk.

'The great object of Muley Abd Errahman (the late emperor of Morocco), is—nay, the pursuit of his whole life has been—to get the whole of the trade of the empire into his own hands. In fact, he has by this time virtually succeeded, though the thing is less ostentatiously done than by the Egyptian viceroy, that equally celebrated prince-merchant. In order to effect this, his Shereefian majesty seeks to involve in debt all the merchants, natives or foreigners, tempting them by the offer of profuse credit. As many of them are needy and speculative, this imperial boon is, without scruple, greedily accepted. The emperor likewise provides them with commodious houses and stores; gives them at once ten or twenty thousand dollars' worth of credit, and is content to receive in return monthly instalments. These instalments never are, never can be, regularly paid up. The debt progressively and indefinitely increases; and whilst they live like so many merchant-princes, carrying on an immense trade, they are, in reality, beggars and slaves of the emperor. They are, however, styled *imperial* merchants, and wear their golden chains with ostentatious pride.' As a specimen of the commercial system of the country, our author tells us that the day after he arrived at Tangier the monopoly of leeches was sold to a Jew for twenty-five thousand dollars. The Jew then, of course, refused to buy leeches except at his own price, while every unfortunate trader was obliged to sell to him and him only. Similarly, the great leech, Monopoly, sucks the life-blood of every species of commerce in Morocco; while, in addition to that disadvantage, the Moors are dishonest and shuffling to an extent

which is even more than a match for the Neapolitan government itself.

'A whimsical story is current in Tangier respecting the dealings of the Shereefian court with the Neapolitan government, which characteristically sets forth Moorish diplomacy or manoeuvring. A ship-load of sulphur was sent to the emperor. The Moorish authorities declared it was very coarse, and mixed with dirt. With great alacrity, the Neapolitan government sent another load of finer and better quality. This was delivered, and the consul asked the Moorish functionaries to allow the coarse sulphur to be conveyed back. These worthies replied: "O dear, no! it is of no consequence; the emperor says he will keep the bad, and not offend his royal cousin, the king of Naples, by sending it back." The Neapolitan government had no alternative but to submit, and thank the chief of the Shereefs for his extreme condescension in accepting two ship-loads of sulphur instead of one.'

Unfortunately, greater nations than the Neapolitans are in the habit of submitting to Maroquine injustice, framing their treaties—or, as they are justly, though infamously designated, 'capitulations'—with the Moorish authorities upon the most cringing and propitiatory bases. The French carry their complaisance even to the extent of hoisting the tri-coloured flag for the transport of slave eunuchs bound for the Shereefian harem, and we ourselves have only recently refused to offer it that ignominious accommodation. We, however, are more concerned in the work of conciliation than our neighbours, on account of the vast importance to us of maintaining friendly relations with the power that mainly supplies Gibraltar with provisions; the treaty concerning which seems to be tacit or secret, since it does not appear in any of the state-paper documents.

Very funny stories are told by the masters of the small-craft who transport the bullocks from Tangier to the British Rock. 'The government of the Moorish town are only allowed to export, at a low duty per annum, a certain number of bullocks. The contractor's agents come over; and at the moment of embarking the cattle, something like the following dialogue frequently ensues.

'*Agent of Contractor.*—Count away!

'*Captain of the Port.*—One, two, three, &c. Thirty, forty. Ah! stop! stop! too many.

'*Agent of Contractor.*—No, you fool; there are only thirty.

'*Captain of the Port.*—You lie! there are forty.

'*Agent of Contractor.*—Only thirty, I tell you (putting three or four dollars into his hand).

'*Captain of the Port.*—Well, well, there are only thirty.

'And in this way the garrison of Gibraltar often gets 500 or 1000 head of cattle more than the stipulated number, at five dollars per head duty instead of ten. Who derives the benefit of peculation, I am unable to state.' That *somebody*, however, derives some pretty pickings thereby, there is no doubt.

No one who is acquainted with the system of eastern despotic governments, can wonder that their public functionaries make hay while the sun shines, and put the screw on their unfortunate inferiors while their short-lived power lasts. It is rare, indeed, for a governor of a town, or great official of any kind, to hold his post for a lifetime. The bashaws are all thrown into prison sooner or later, and the money that they have extracted from others, pressed, in turn, out of themselves, to swell the imperial treasury. They are commonly very obstinate about giving it up, but the emperor is at least equally firm. The application of cold water immediately after that of the bastinado is found to be exceedingly efficacious in producing the discovery of the *hole where the money is hidden*. Millions of dollars lie buried by the Arabs in Maroquine earth at this moment, the half

* *Travels in Morocco.* By the late James Richardson. Sheet. 1860.

of which perhaps will never be found, the owners and sole possessors of the secret having expired before they could point out their hidden treasures to their relatives—a duty which, for obvious reasons, they delay until the very last moment. Money is often buried in this way by tribes who have nothing to fear from sheik or sovereign; it is their immemorial custom so to lose it, just as it is ours to intrust it to Joint-stock Banks. The Arabs, therefore, who cannot comprehend how European tourists can undertake such long journeys as they do for archaeological purposes, give them credit for a material object in their researches among heaps of old stones, and are proportionally jealous of their examinations. 'The old captain of the port of Tangier has been no less than twelve times in prison under the exhausting pressure of the emperor. After the imperial misgr has copiously bled his captain, he lets him out to fill his skin again; and the old gentleman is always merry and loyal, in spite of the treatment of his taskmaster.' The bashaws adopt similar measures with their inferiors. Colonel Warrington was one day representing to the bashaw of Tripoli the gross manner in which his functionaries robbed everybody, and took the liberty of mentioning the name of one person.

'Yes, yes,' observed the bashaw; 'I know all about him. I don't want to catch him yet; he is not fat enough. When he has gorged a little more, I'll have his head off!'

Even on what was formerly their own element, the sea, the degenerate Moors are now become worthless and contemptible. The 'Rovers of Saltee,' who in old time cruised off the very coasts of England, and defied its fleets, can scarcely now conduct a vessel from Mogador to Gibraltar; while the whole naval force of the once dreaded piratic states of Barbary can boast of but half-a-dozen badly manned brigs or frigates. The Moorish bark which conveyed our author ashore at Mogador was 'a mere long shell of bad planks, and scarcely more ship-shape than the trunk of a tree hollowed into a canoe, leakily put together. It was filled with dirty, ragged, half-naked sailors, whose seamanship did not extend beyond coming and going from vessels lying in this little port. Each of these Mogadorian port sailors had a bit of straight pole for an oar; the way in which they rowed was equally characteristic. Struggling against wind and current, with their Moorish rais at the helm, encouraging their labours by crying out first one thing, then another, as his fancy dictated, the crew repeated in chorus all he said. "Khobsah!" (a loaf) cried the rais.

'All the men echoed "Khobsah."

"A loaf you shall have when you return!" cried the rais.

"A loaf we shall have when we return!" cried the men.

"Pull, pull; God hears and sees you!" cried the rais.

"We pull, we pull; God hears and sees us!" cried the men.

"Sweetmeats, sweetmeats, by Heaven; sweetmeats, by Heaven, you shall have, only pull away!" swore the rais.

"Sweetmeats we shall have, thank God!—sweetmeats we shall have, thank God!" roared the men, all screaming and bawling. In this unique style, after struggling three hours to get three miles over the port, we landed, all of us completely exhausted and drowned in spray.

These Moors, like a not altogether extinct class of Christians, hold language, even when performing the most wicked acts, of extreme piety and devotion, and will interrupt their deeds of rapine and cruelty—should the hour for worship intervene—with prayers of complete decorum. The chief articles of their religion seem to be, to keep Friday sacred, and to hate Jews and Christians. As these latter, of course,

respectively reverence the next two days of the week, the Sabbatarian question attains in Morocco a three-fold importance; and the inconvenience of so many successive Sundays often makes men rebels to their creeds.

The Jews are exceedingly numerous in Northern Africa, and in spite of persecution and confiscation, its richest and most important merchants. Our author, whilst in Mogador, assisted at the celebration of one of their general weddings, to which all the native Jewish aristocracy were invited.

'The festivities beginning at noon, I first entered the apartment where the bride was sitting in state. She was elevated on a radiant throne of gold and crimson cushions, amidst a group of women, her hired flatterers, who kept singing and bawling out her praises. "As beautiful as the moon is Rachel!" said one. "Fairer than the jessamine!" exclaimed another. "Sweeter than honey in the honey-comb!" ejaculated a third. Her eyes were shut, it being deemed immodest to look on the company, and the features of her face motionless as death, which made her look like a painted corpse. To describe the dresses of the bride would be tedious, as she was carried away every hour and re-dressed, going through and exhibiting to public view, with the greatest patience, the whole of her bridal wardrobe. Her face was artistically painted: cheeks vermillion; lips browned with an odoriferous composition; eye-lashes blackened with antimony; and on the forehead and tips of the chin little blue stars. The palms of the hands and nails were stained with henna, or brown-red, and her feet were naked, with the toe-nails and soles henna-stained. She was very young, perhaps not more than thirteen, and hugely corpulent, having been fed on paste and oil these last six months for the occasion. The bridegroom, on the contrary, was a man of three times her age, tall, lank, and bony, very thin, and of sinister aspect. The woman was a little lump of fat and flesh, apparently without intelligence, whilst the man was a Barbary type of Dickens's Fagan.'

The Jews, notwithstanding their character for driving a good bargain, have not much chance with the natives, nor is any complaint of theirs listened to by a magistrate, no matter how unjustly they may have been dealt with. They teach their children, it is true, that it is right to rob Mussulmen, but it is only to put them on an equality with the latter, who will be quite sure to rob *them*. The Moors are born thieves, and need no sort of teaching. 'Almost every tradesman and every imperial merchant have two sets of weights—one to buy, and another to sell with. A merchant once had the impudence to cry out to his clerk when weighing: "Oh, you are wrong; these are my selling weights: bring me my buying weights. Am I not buying?" The government not only winks at the dishonesty of its subjects, but when the matter lies between one of the Faithful and a Jew, or Christian, it will not, and dare not, administer justice. 'Muley Suleiman was a great admirer of the European character, and was much attached to a Mr Leyton, an English merchant. This merchant was one day riding out of the city of Mogador, when an old woman rushed at him, seized the bridle of his horse, and demanded alms. The merchant pushed her away with his whip. The ancient dame seeing herself so rudely nonsuited, went off screaming revenge; and although she had not had a tooth in her head for twenty long years, she noised about town that Mr Leyton had knocked two of her teeth out, and importuned the governor to obtain her some pecuniary indemnification. His excellency advised Mr Leyton to comply, and get rid of the annoyance of the old woman. He resolutely refused, and the governor was obliged to report the case to the emperor, as the old lady had made so many partisans in Mogador as to threaten a disturbance. His Imperial Highness wrote a letter to the merchant, condescendingly begging

him to supply the old woman with "two silver teeth," meaning thereby to give her a trifling present in money. Mr Leyton, being as obstinate as ever, was ordered to appear before the emperor at Morocco. Here the resolute merchant declared that he had not knocked the teeth out of the old woman's head; she had had none for years, and he would not be maligned even in so small a matter. The emperor was at his wits' end, and endeavoured to smooth down the contumacious Leyton, to save his capital from insurrection; imploring him to comply with the *lex talionis*, and have two of his teeth drawn, if he was inflexibly determined not to pay. The poor emperor was in hourly dread of a revolution about this tooth-business, and at the same time he knew the merchant had spoken the truth. Strange to say, Mr Leyton at last consented to lose his teeth rather than his money. However, on the merchant's return from the capital to Mogador, to his surprise, and no doubt to his satisfaction, he found that two ship-loads of grain had been ordered to be delivered to him by the emperor, in compensation for the two teeth which he had had punched out to satisfy the exigencies of the empire.

Some chapters of our author's work are devoted to the cities of the interior of Morocco, but the information we derive from them is either absolutely nothing, or of that vague and uncertain character which we possess already. Morocco itself is a gloomy and half-ruined city, though occupying an area of seven miles in circumference, and Fez is the real capital and the seat of commerce. The population of the latter town is variously estimated at from 80,000 to 40,000, and there seems to be a similar variance in almost every other statement concerning it; nor is this uncertainty to be wondered at, since so bigoted are its inhabitants, that no European can walk undisguised in its streets without an escort of military. It was lately the head-quarters of those fanatics who preached 'the holy war,' and involved the emperor in hostilities with France. As for Timbuctoo, the Laureate, even in his undergraduate days, depicted it most truly; first giving us the golden dream of it, and then the sad reality.

Child of man,

See'st thou yon river, whose translucent wave,
Forth issuing from the darkness, windeth through
The argent streets o' th' city, imaging
The soft inversion of her tremulous domes,
Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,
Her pagods hung with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of ranged chrysolite,
Minarets and towers? Lo! how he passeth by,
And gulfs himself in sands, as not enduring
To carry through the world those waves, which bore
The reflex of my city in their depths.
O city! O latest throne! where I was raised
To be a mystery of loveliness
Unto all eyes, the time is well-nigh come
When I must render up this glorious home
To keen Discovery: soon yon brilliant towers
Shall darken with the weaving of her wand;
Darken, and shrink and shiver into huts,
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
Low-built, mud-walled, barbarian settlements.
How changed from this fair city!

Our author's main object in visiting Morocco was to present in person an appeal to the emperor from the Anti-slavery Society, which purpose, it is needless to say, was not accomplished. The emperor, however, did obtain the document—in a certain round-about and underhand Eastern fashion—and returned a message of the usual character, adroitly combining the three required elements of conciliation, negation, and no meaning at all. The Cuckoo cry of slaves being treated well, because it is the masters' interest that they should be so, has been set up concerning the negro race in Morocco as elsewhere, and with the

like unreason. Generally speaking, and from the low motive stated of their market-value being injured by ill-usage, the slaves are not treated with barbarity; but whenever the various passions of their masters are aroused, the same brutal and unspeakable deeds are done under the Moorish despotism as defile the republic of the United States. The slave is always eager for his freedom, and—when his master wants the money—is sometimes permitted to go about begging until he gets enough to purchase his discharge. 'He puts the *Alka* in his mouth (which piece of written paper, when signed, assures his freedom), and goes about the town, crying, "*Fedsek Allah*" (Ransom of God!) All depends on his luck. He may be months, or even years, before he accumulates enough to purchase his ransom.'

With regard to the military array of Morocco, our author has nothing formidable to say of it except with respect to its numbers. The disposable force of the Mogador district is about 70,000; but the different bodies which compose it can never safely be brought together. Alluding to the quarrel of their sultan with the French, these hostile tribes muttered to each other: 'We must kill our own French first; that is, their own hereditary enemies.' 'I went out to see the two levies. These tribes had a singularly wild and savage aspect, with only a blanket to cover them, which they wrap round and round their bodies, having neither caps on their heads nor shoes on their feet. They were greatly excited against the Christians, owing to the foolish conduct of the Moorish authorities. The lawless bands spat at me and every European passing by them, screaming with threatening gestures: "God curse you! Infidels!"

If we rise from the perusal of Mr Richardson's volumes with little sympathy for that effete European race which is now directing its decaying energies against its old oppressors, we have certainly no hope of benefit to mankind from any victory that may be gained by the Moor.

THE TARN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

I AM a Cockney, born and bred, and I don't care who knows it. My profession compels me to live for eleven months in the year within the sound of Bow Bells. It is not pleasant to be so mewed up so long of course, but it is not a degradation, as some suppose it, nor even is it without its advantages. I think I appreciate the country during my August holiday to a degree which no one not 'in city pent' the rest of the year can have an idea of. I have experienced six-and-thirty Augusts, and all, save one, of almost complete happiness. There were some wet days among them, I do not deny, and particularly in '42, but the fish bit better than ever that year under the gray arch in the swollen Berkshire river, as I remember well; and sometimes it was a little foggy up in the Scotch Highlands; but what a relief it is for a Londoner to find himself in a fog without the least possibility of being run over by an omnibus! Besides, in that Land of the Mist, as its inhabitants feel such an inexplicable pride in calling it, they don't know what real darkness in the daytime is. I have been at mid-day in the next street to that in which I live in town—the name of which I could only discover, by the by, by ringing a door-bell, and inquiring of a strange maid-servant, whose face I could not help (I do not mean could not resist, mind) touching with my whiskers, it (the day) being so extremely dark—nay, I have been within a dozen doors of my own residence, and yet failed to discover it without the help of a policeman's lantern. My nieces once had to sleep at a house in Russell Square

where we had been dining, because our coachman could only travel round and round the square, and find no egress; and I myself got home solely by help of the area-railings, which I clutched, hand-over-hand, as a sailor climbs a rope. When I met a person, as I did several, taking the like precautions, whoever had the longest arms went outside, but never let go his hold, and so we passed one another, something as one goat walks over another upon a precipitous and narrow ledge; and when I got to a crossing, there was nothing for it but to wait for a link-boy to pilot me over the dark Styx. The roar of *unseen* London traffic in a fog is to my mind as awful as when, in a strange land, one

Walking slow,
In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moonrise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea;
And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound
Of stones thrown down, or one deep cry
Of great wild beasts.

The poets, and, until lately, the romance-writers, have chosen to locate all their terrible 'situations' out of town; but there is a 'startling incident' or two, I fancy, nevertheless, which they might pick up, if they looked for it—even in a fog—within three miles of the General Post-office too. But pardon me; I know, whenever I speak of London, I grow garrulous.

The very extraordinary and eerie circumstance which it is my purpose upon this occasion to record, did happen in a legitimate locality—upon a mountain tarn far up in the Western Highlands. Its occurrence marked the one exception that I made just now to my otherwise three dozen happy Augusts. I spent my summer holiday in '28 with two very dear friends of my own age, mere Cockneys like myself, but whom, like myself also, the sights and sounds of Nature inexpressibly charmed, and the cataracts and splendours of the hill-tops 'haunted like a passion.' It was the fourth holiday that we young fishermen—for fishing was our only sport—had spent together, and the scene of our enjoyment was for the first time among the sea-lakes of Argyshire. Some old men cannot bear to look back upon those palmy times of youth and vigour, when existence itself is an enjoyment, and the bounding pulses know not what it is to feel a doctor's fingers, but, thanks to Heaven, I, who have still my health and still my love of nature, feel no such unwillingness. It is pleasant to me to recall the memory of those far-back sunny days, nor, though I cannot stand so many hours in the creamy trout-streams as of old, nor throw a line with such precision, do I give up hope of seeing others like them.

Though we maun follow wi' the lave
(Grim Death he heucks us a')
We'll have anither fishing-bout
Before we're ta'en awa.
Ay, we will try those streams again
When summer suns are fine,
And throw the flies together yet,
For the days of auld lang syne.

That is to say, Collett and I will, I trust; but as for poor Charley Falconer, our other companion in that breezy ramble of which I speak, grim Death has 'heucked' him long ago, and he lies in the dark river. We three, then, staying at the little Highland town upon the sea-loch, where there was nothing but a Presbyterian church where they spoke Gaelic, thought it no sin to spend our Sundays on the moorlands or elsewhere in that fair region, with our dinners in our pockets, and with a flask full of mountain-dew, to mix with the water of the mountain-stream, which is said to be brackish. One splendid 'unlawful' morning, we took an excursion longer

than usual across the loch, where there is a Royal Ferry which must needs ply every day, and up the glorious two-peaked mountain opposite, whose name—since it was thus desecrated—I will not here divulge. Save for the bees that made solemn anthem to us as we clomb the heathery slopes, and the whirl of the startled grouse that sped occasionally athwart the cathedral arch of heaven, all nature was indeed 'as quiet as a church'—quieter even than some churches one now reads of, such as St George's-in-the-East.

The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home;
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

And I am sure we felt it so, and that we were doing no particular harm. Presently, and when we had got a great way up the mountain, we came upon a still blue tarn, with rushes at one end, betwixt which a little burn ran leaping and laughing, like a lad for the first time his own master, who longs to mix with the great world before him; but the other end was in shadow under crags. There was a small island in the middle with heathery knolls upon it, and 'O that we had a boat!' cried Collett, whose darling dream it always was—which, however, has by no means been fulfilled—to possess some little secluded territory of his own, where none but his friends could get at him. 'Let us three build a hut there, and spend all our days.' 'We can spend to-day,' said I, 'to begin with, at all events, for yonder is a boat among the rushes.' My own heart was set upon fishing, and I remembered with regret, I fear, that it was Sunday, and that, besides, we had no fishing-rod. It was quite a surprise to find a pretty pleasure-boat in such a place—put there, as I guess, by some rich man who owned the whole mountain—and holding three quite comfortably. It was only tethered to the shore by a little iron chain, but that was padlocked; so, unwilling to do violence, unless it was absolutely necessary—for to land upon the island we were thoroughly determined—we looked about us for some legitimate authority for unloosening the boat, and, far away to westward, discovered a little smoke quite blue, which presently, as we drew near it, proved to be from a peat-fire in a bothy, where there was an old weather-beaten Highlander cooking some rather disagreeable-looking food.

'Was he the keeper of that boat?' we asked. He knew enough of English to tell us that he was, and that he would not let us have it. 'Was there no other boat?' asked we, hoping to make use of the great principle of Competition. He answered with a grim unpleasant smile that there was not; and that one boatie on the Dhuloch was enough for all the people that were like to want it.

'Would he have a little whisky?' we inquired; 'and would he let us have the boat for an hour now?' No; not even now; and he entered, by way of apology, into the various conscientious reasons that prevented him from doing so, which were far too numerous and obscure to be here repeated.

In the end, it cost us a couple of shillings and some tobacco before we could get back to the tarn with the key of the boat-chain. He gave it to us, even then, with some remark about the Dhuloch not being very canny for people to go out upon alone; but we understood how to manage the sculls well enough ourselves, and did not wish to employ a boatman, which it was doubtless the intention of his remark to make

us do. Collett and I unloosed the shallop eagerly, and jumped in at once; but Falconer, who had complained of the heat and fatigue of the ascent, and had not accompanied us to the bothy, would not come in for a while, but lay down on the bank and watched us as we paddled up the little sheet of water to the purple island, than which I never saw a fairer sight on canvas, or conceived in any dream.

'How awful look those crags,' said I, 'in contrast to this sunny middle of the lake.'

'They do, indeed,' replied Collett; 'as dark as Death.'

But nothing was really further from our mind than any thought of Death.

'Come!' hallooed we, 'come, Falconer; this place is such a jolly spot to sit in'—we were but Cockneys, as I said, and used strange adjectives—and when he nodded, as much as to say 'I will,' we rowed back again, and took him in.

He said the sun oppressed him, and lay down in the bottom of the boat at the stern with his straw-hat over his eyes. I stood up in the bows and steered the boat by voice, shouting, 'Pull your right,' or 'Pull your left,' to Collett, who was sculling, and had of course his back to me.

There was not a ripple upon the water. The silence, except for the stroke of the paddles, was unbroken. The sun was almost directly over us: but there was not a bird in the sky. Such noonday solitude and stillness I never before experienced, notwithstanding that I had two friends—or at least one friend—so close beside me. Presently, to my extreme wonder, I saw another skiff shoot noiselessly out from under the dark shadow of the crags, and make towards us. There were two men in her, one rowing, and one standing in her bows, as in our own. I called to Collett, who turned round and uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

'We have no business here,' said I, 'and I suppose there will be a row. Why, the old scoundrel deceived us; and there was another boat on the tarn, you see, after all.' I pointed with my walking-stick as I spoke, and the figure in the bows of the advancing skiff seemed to do the same. Then I began to doubt its being a real boat; not that I had the least notion of anything supernatural, but that I called to mind some strange stories I had read of the effects of reflection or refraction, whichever it is (for I never was much of a scientific person), and concluded that the strange appearance was only a mirage of ourselves. I do not know how it was, but neither Collett nor I was able to observe the figures very accurately, although they came quite near enough for us to do so. I do not know whether they were like my companion and myself or not, but I saw plainly enough that the man in the bows had a walking-stick similar to mine, and while looking towards us, was pointing with it to the bottom of his own boat. This action was so continued and striking, that I called Collett's attention to it, and bade him wake Falconer with his foot—who still occupied the position I have mentioned in our stern—because it seemed to me as if these strangers were making fun of him. I was so occupied with the man standing up, that it never struck me to observe if there was a third person lying in their boat or not, nor, perhaps, from its position could I have done so. Falconer did not move when he was thus nudged; and when Collett, stooping down, took off the straw-hat that concealed his features, we perceived that our dear Charley was a *dead man*! He had passed away from us without making the least sign, poor fellow! Agonised as I was, I could not help casting one glance towards the mysterious boat and her silent crew, who had brought us, as it seemed, this terrible news; but she was no longer to be seen. There was not even the trace of her keel upon the placid waters. She could not possibly have got to land, or out of sight, in such an instant. I looked

down into the clear blue tarn involuntarily, but my eyes only met my own haggard visage and the reflex of our solitary skiff.

We rowed ashore, and carried our dear friend to the little bothy, where the old man received us with more of sympathy, if less of horrified wonder, than I had expected of him. He said he had warned us before we went that the tarn was uncanny. And so we three went down the mountain with our sad burden to the Ferry; and Charley Falconer was laid in the Highland kirkyard, far from friends and home.

It is not, therefore, strange that that August holiday seems to have less of sun upon it in the memory of us two old men, than our other summer rambles.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE new year opens with new achievements in chemical science, highly important as demonstrations of heat-phenomena, as well as for their practical value. M. St Clair Deville, whose successes in the utilisation of aluminum are well known, has discovered a simple method of melting platinum in large quantities, which chemists and the makers of chemical vessels will gladly welcome. It has long been known that platinum will not fuse even in the fiercest glow of a smith's forge, but yields to a flame of oxyhydrogen; and M. Deville availing himself of this fact, takes a block of lime, saws a slab off from the top, scoops a saucer-like hollow on the sawn side, and a deep basin in the block beneath, and thus forms a lime-furnace. A small channel is cut from the basin to the outside for the escape of the gases; a hole is pierced through the slab, or lid, as it may be called, for the admission of a oxyhydrogen burner; the basin is filled with platinum ore; the jet being introduced, and the gas turned on, the heat developed is so intense, that the metal is speedily melted, and ready to be cast into ingots. This method involves, moreover, but little annoyance to the operator, for the outside of the block of lime is so slightly heated, that it can be touched with the hand, and occasions no inconvenience. Owing to its rarity and refractory nature, platinum is a costly metal, and has been sold, when fashioned into vessels intended for use in the manufacture of chemical acids, at the rate of a guinea an ounce.

Another example is Mr J. J. Griffin's Patent Blast Gas Furnace, which, constructed of fire-clay and plumbago, and fitted with a crucible, is heated by a burner supplied by ordinary gas, while a stream of air sent through the flame by a blowing-machine, with a pressure ten times stronger than that of the gas, will melt cast iron in twenty minutes, and copper in half that time. And this stove, like the block of lime, becomes but slightly warm on the outside.

These applications of heat are alike promising and interesting, and we may expect to hear of their adoption for numerous purposes. As yet, the most intense heat is that produced by oxyhydrogen, and before this the most refractory minerals must now give way. Some experimentalists are questioning whether it could be usefully employed in the generation of steam.

M. Kuhlmann is investigating the subject of corrosion, as exemplified by iron and copper, having in view certain geological and industrial considerations. As regards iron, the inquiry has a bearing on the question of weakness in steam-boilers, and M. Kuhlmann intends shortly to lay his conclusions on this particular before the Academy of Sciences in Paris.—The experiments made some time ago, to which we called attention, to determine the presence of copper and silver in sea-water, have been tested and confirmed by chemists in different parts of the world; an American calculates, from his researches, that the

ocean contains two million tons of silver. How this fact, if it be a fact, bears out the theory that metallic deposits are due to the action of water, Heer Bleckerode of Delft has examined from another point of view: the vessels of the Dutch navy are sheathed with 'yellow-metal,' an alloy of copper and zinc manufactured in England, and the consumption in Holland is 300,000 kilograms a year. The sheathing lasts commonly for six years, and according to Heer Bleckerode, it takes up in that time from the water of the sea ninety kilograms of silver, which might be separated on the re-melting of the metal preparatory to rolling anew into sheets. Add to this calculation the navies of England, France, and the United States, and the amount of silver deposited on the ships' bottoms in the six years will be nine tons.

In another department of applied chemistry, M. Frémy shews that metapæctic acid, one of the useful chemicals, may be manufactured on a large scale from the pulp of beet-root.—At a recent meeting of the Chemical Society (London), Professor Bloxam gave an explanation of a method for the detection of arsenic and other mineral poisons, by electrolysis—that is, to bring about a deposition of the suspected substance by means of a galvanic battery. Whether it is more trustworthy than the other methods used by chemists, remains to be proved.—Professor Crace-Calvert of Manchester has read a paper before the Society of Arts, 'On Starches, the Purposes to which they are applied, and Improvements in their Manufacture,' a subject which, though apparently commonplace, is of singular importance in manufactures and chemical science. The fact that one single print-work in Manchester uses more than 300 tons of starch a year, is suggestive of the enormous consumption that takes place throughout Lancashire. A good deal of the calico woven in that county is said to be one-third starch, as housewives find to their sorrow when it comes to the washing-tub. From starch, a beautiful purple colour can be produced, which may become serviceable in dyeing; potato-starch is manufactured into tapioca; a starch composed of flour and a solution of chloride of zinc, is used to replace horn, ivory, and gutta-percha; it is the starch in malt which is convertible into sugar when the mash-tub is kept at a temperature of 150 degrees; impregnate paper with starch, and expose it to the rays of the sun, and the starch is converted into sugar; starch is transmuted into honey-like sugar on a large scale by mixing with it a certain quantity of acid, and this sugar is largely used in breweries on the continent; and the starch eaten in food is converted into glycogene, which, stored in the liver, is there changed into sugar, and passed into the circulation, to become one of the elements in maintaining the animal heat.

Professor Crace-Calvert has further published a note concerning a disinfecting paste lately brought into use in Paris for the dressing of wounds, pointing out that as coal-tar is one of the ingredients of the paste which probably will be used in the hospitals of other countries, it is important to be well informed as to the particular kind of tar; he shews that there is an extreme variation in the composition of coal-tar, for, while the tar of Newcastle coal is almost exclusively naphthalene, that of Boghead coal is paraffine, and that of Wigan cannel-coal benzene and carbolic acid. In short, there appears to be a difference in each kind of coal experimented on. Of the substances above named, carbolic acid has remarkable antiseptic properties; dead bodies injected with a weak solution of it, may be kept for dissection several weeks; and a piece of horse-flesh, dipped in the acid, and hung up exposed to the weather, kept for more than three years without decomposition. The paste referred to is composed of 100 parts plaster of Paris, and 3 parts of coal-tar. When applied to wounds, it immediately neutralises

the sickening odour of even the most offensive. Tar has long been known and used as an antiseptic in this country; and in the last century, Bishop Berkeley wrote a treatise to demonstrate the medicinal virtues of tar-water.

Another paper, read before the Society of Arts, will be interesting to female readers, for it was 'On rendering Fabrics Non-inflammable'—by which is to be understood woven fabrics. The means are numerous, but the best for the purpose are tungstate of soda and sulphate of ammonia. Dip muslins in a solution of either of these, and they become non-inflammable. The sulphate has the advantage of cheapness; while the tungstate is so harmless in its nature, that it does not at all interfere with the ironing of the muslin.

The Returns of the Registrar-general for the metropolitan districts still exhibit lamentable results, traceable to the ill-advised strike, and we follow our former quotation by one of more fatal details. In the latest return available for our purpose there appears: 'Of bricklayers, 2 died in the week; of bricklayers' wives, 3; of bricklayers' children, 11; of carpenters, 12 died; of carpenters' wives, 7; of carpenters' children, 21; of masons, 2 died, of masons' wives, 2; of painters, 4 died; of painters' wives, 2; of painters' children, 9; of plasterers, 1 died; of plasterers' children, 10.' These were not the results anticipated when, in the warm sunny weather, so many thousand working-men of London refused to work.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society, Admiral Fitz-Roy, Director of the Board of Trade Meteorological Department, communicated some interesting particulars of the fearful storms of October 25th and 26th, and November 1st last year—storms of which the memory is still a sorrow in many an English home. He described them as complete examples of the cyclone or rotary storm, so often encountered in southern latitudes. They began on the coasts of France and Spain about a day before they reached the British shores, whence they travelled whirling onwards in a north-easterly direction, announcing their approach by a fall of the barometer over an area extending from the east coast of Ireland to Heligoland. The rotation is demonstrated by comparison of the direction of the wind at different places: here, north-west; there, north-east; the circle being completed by the sweep of the currents at intervening places. It was three in the afternoon when the Channel fleet met the shock off Plymouth; at half-past five, the force of the gale had progressed to Reigate, where it nearly blew over a railway train. On the north-eastern coast, there was no fall of the barometer, wherein, as Admiral Fitz-Roy shews, there is an additional reason for giving notice of the approach of storms by telegraph; and it is satisfactory to know that the Board of Trade are making a beginning in the establishment of a system of telegraphic storm-signals.

The School of Mines and the Royal Institution are maintaining their reputation for good lectures: at the latter place, Professor Faraday, notwithstanding his indifferent health, has given his usual juvenile course; Professor Owen is advancing with his series on Fossil Birds and Reptiles; Dr Tyndall with his on Light, including some of its higher phenomena; and Dr Lankester, On the Relations of the Animal Kingdom to the Industry of Man.—M. Le Verrier has addressed a circular to astronomers, recommending a scheme of observation of the eclipse of the sun, which will take place next July. As it will be total over Northern Africa, those who wish to observe it in that state will do well to arrange for a visit to the observatory at Algiers. But the coming eclipse is to be taken advantage of with respect to another phenomenon: astronomers having for some time past noted perturbations in the movements of Mercury, have been led to infer the existence of a planet, or of planetary bodies,

between that planet and the sun; and it is during the time of the eclipse that the region immediately around the sun is to be explored for the intra-Mercurial planet. Meanwhile, the sun's face is to be diligently watched, whenever visible, to detect any strangers that may happen to cross it, besides the ordinary spots. That something has been seen, is an established fact. Pastoriff, a German observer, saw two round black spots cross the sun's disc in 1836 and 1837; they moved rapidly, and had the well-defined appearance presented by Mercury himself during a transit. That they have not again been seen for the past twenty years, is said to be owing 'to the large inclination of the planet's orbit.'—M. Coulvier-Gravier has published a goodly octavo on Meteors and Shooting-stars, and the laws by which they are governed, wherein are contained the results of forty years' observation.

Close upon the heels of Mr Darwin's book comes a quarto by Dr J. D. Hooker, of the Royal Gardens, Kew, on *The Flora of Australia, its Origin, Affinities, and Distribution*, which is a masterly production, quite worthy the name of the author. This essay purposes to do for botany that which Mr Darwin's work does for zoology—namely, to shew that species as such are not created and immutable, but are derivative and mutable; and Dr Hooker takes this ground for the reason, 'that whatever opinions a naturalist may have adopted with regard to the origin and variation of species, every candid mind must admit that the facts and arguments upon which he has grounded his convictions require revision since the recent publication by the Linnean Society of the ingenious and original reasonings and theories of Mr Darwin and Mr Wallace.'

Treating of the question that plants have a centripetal force, a tendency to 'revert to the wild type,' the doctor puts forward a few suggestive illustrations which shew a great faculty for variation, and but little for reversion. 'In the first place,' he remarks, 'the majority of cultivated vegetables and cerealia, such as the cabbage and its numerous progeny, and the varieties of wall-fruit, shew, when neglected, no disposition to assume the characters of the wild states of these plants; they certainly degenerate, and even die, if Nature does not supply the conditions which man (by anticipation of her operations, or otherwise) has provided; they become stunted, hard, and woody, and resemble their wild progenitors in so far as all stunted plants resemble wild plants of similar habit; but this is not a reversion to the original type, for most of these cultivated races are not merely luxuriant forms of the wild parent. In neglected fields and gardens, we see plants of Scotch kale, Brussels sprouts, or kohlrabi, to be all as unlike their common parent, the wild *Brassica oleracea*, as they are unlike one another; so, too, most of our finer kinds of apples, if grown from seed, degenerate and become crabs; but in so doing, they become crab states of the varieties to which they belong, and do not revert to the original wild crab-apple.'

Then the argument passes on to the effect of circumstances—cold, heat, damp, dryness, and climate in general; the means of plant-migration along the summits of ridges, and how everywhere a vast number press into existence in order that a lesser number may live. The races must be maintained; on that point, Nature is emphatic; 'but there is always a morphological change, if the change of conditions be sudden, or where, through lapse of time, it becomes extreme. The new form is necessarily that best suited to the changed condition, and as its progeny are henceforth additional enemies to the old, they will eventually tend to replace their parent form in the same locality. Further, a greater proportion of the seeds and young of the old will annually be destroyed than of the new, and the survivors of the old, being less well adapted to the locality, will yield less seed, and hence have fewer descendants.'

Dr Hooker examines the question as exemplified by fossil botany, and has to lament, in common with other naturalists, that the geological evidence has yet too many and too wide gaps to leave it possible to establish a complete system of vegetable paleontology. The problem of the distribution of plants, and of their duration, is yet to be solved; we can only surmise that some plants have survived measureless geological periods, and even the slow submersion of continents. To this follows a passage with which, for the present, we take leave of this interesting subject. 'To my mind,' observes the author, 'the doctrine of progression, if considered in connection with the hypothesis of the origin of species being by variation, is by far the most profound of all that have ever agitated the schools of Natural History, and I do not think that it has yet been treated in the unprejudiced spirit it demands. The elements for its study are the vastest and most complicated which the naturalist can contemplate, and reside in the comprehension of the reciprocal action of the so-called inorganic on the organic world.'

THE SLAVE-SHIP.

[The following translation from Vogl is extracted from an excellent little volume—*German Ballads and Poems*—by A. Boyd.]

A SHIP bounds o'er the open sea,
Concealed by fog and night;
The waves are foaming over it,
Dashed by the wild storm's might.

Two hundred slaves lie prisoned there
Between the narrow beams;
Half wakened by the howling storm,
Half brooding savage dreams.

They see themselves, like labouring beasts,
Sold on a foreign shore;
They feel the scourge's heavy blows,
The sunbeams, scorching sore.

They pray with fervent soul, aloud,
Amidst the storm and rain:
'O Lord! release, with sudden death,
Us from such lasting pain!'

And over slaves and sailors howls
The storm with savage might,
No beacon shines—the lightning's flash
Alone illumines the night.

The captain cries: 'O Allah—help!
Save us from danger, save!'
The slaves within call wildly out:
'O Lord! give us the grave.'

And fierce and fiercer drives the storm;
The ship bounds madly on!
Sudden—it strikes upon a rock!
And splits—all hope is gone!

And from the wreck: 'O woe! O woe!'
Howls loudly o'er the sea;
But from two hundred lips resound:
'Hail, Lord! we now are free!'

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.
Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.